

UPON SPLITTING WITH THE LAST WOMAN

("you're 62 and I have potential...")

mostly, after reading the evening
paper, feeding the cats and getting
ready to go to the night harness
races

I go into a dream-state, imagine
my death. I can
guess it: it will be that damned
stairway
some 3 a.m. going down to the
kitchen for the last bottle of
wine.
I will stumble and roll
down
half-crushing my skull at the
bottom landing.

I know because I almost did
this the other night
but I caught the bannister
with my left hand
and broke the fall, laughing
my ass off

the dream-state is always the
same: I will be there at the
bottom of the stairway
but it will be painless, a
slow slide into darkness
maybe taking 2 or 3 days to
finalize, the cats yowling,
crapping on the rugs, poking at
me for food, maybe finally using
me for
food.

when the stink gets bad
enough I will be discovered
and then the real stink will
begin: "Bukowski dies alone..."

if you think Berryman, Plath,
Dylan Thomas were over-idolated,
wait until you see what they
do with me....

Oh, so many golden-haired girls, so
many redheads, so many brunettes
weeping ... "if I had only known I

would have given him
everything"

yes, it will be a very
lachrymose finale
but there's not a great deal
I can do.

right now I am going to walk
down the stairway for another
bottle of
wine,
it's a warm September a.m. and
the cats have been fed.

VOICE OUT OF THE VOID

she phoned me about it from a far away
state.

"I could never argue with you,"
she told me,
"you'd just run out the door.
my husband's not like that,
he sticks like glue.
he beats me."

"I never believed in discussions,"
I said, "there's nothing to
discuss."

"you're wrong," she said, "you should
try to communicate."

"'communicate' is an overused word like
'love'," I told her.

"but don't you think two people can
'love'?" she asked.

"not if they try to 'communicate',"
I answered.

"you're talking like an asshole,"
she said.

"we're having an argument,"
I said.

"no," she said, "we're trying to
communicate."

"I've got to leave," I said and hung